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ABSTRACT

The articles in this publication consider the way in which freshman English students can gain insights into both the reading of literature and the workings of the mind by discussing and writing about their dreams; the function of names in Washington Irving's "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow"; folklore and faith, and the process of maturation, in Rudolfo Analya's "Bless Me, Ultima"; confusions and errors inherent in the "Back-to-the-Basics" movement in English teaching; methods for teaching students to apply rhetorical analysis to literature; and ways of analyzing factual and value statements in English classrooms. (GW)

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Explorations in Literature

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DREAMING INTO FICTION

Edward Proffitt

Most students—perhaps always, but at least of late—come to freshman English with little background in the reading of literature and no insight into the workings of the mind. The two, of course, are intimately related. Thus the perennial "reading into" problem that teachers face when they come to interpretation. The poorer student views interpretations as an act of fabrication; the better student, as a matter of finding the "hidden meaning." Neither can distinguish between discursive and dramatic presentation; both tend to read literature as though it were discourse and to reduce a text to a "message."

But as Sam Goldwyn said in another context, "If you got a message, send a telegram." One says such things. One also draws a distinction between drama and discourse—the realms of each and their differences, or the differences between symbolic language and literal. But one does so discursively, and that hardly reinforces the point. And so, many do not get the point.

That many, in fact, do not, as well as the fact that we are much better trained in externals than in internals, was brought home to me a few years back by a conversation I overheard before class began between two students seated in the front row. They were discussing an engineering problem that involved quadratic equations, and it struck me that they were doing so with great expertise. Yet, when class began and we had a relatively simple poem before us, they were dumb. I asked each (pointedly) what "sleep" could possibly symbolize (the poem was "Stopping by Woods"), and both looked at me with a stare as blank as that of Yeat's school children. Suddenly, I realized the problem. It is not a problem with language, as such, or even with the lack of exposure to literature—though literature can help overcome the problem if so aimed. Rather, it is a problem of concept: most young people just don't have the concept of metaphor, say—that symbolic language is the natural mode of the non-discursive part of the mind. In other works—and again—they have no insight into the workings of their own minds.

Alas, that realization came too late for the semester in question. But it led me to seek methods that would dramatically (as opposed to discursively) work to make palpable the concept and, thus, to make my students better readers of literature. The method that has worked best for me involves dreams, which are readily accessible because universal. Dreams are also apt because literature is dream-like, or dreaming is at the root of literature. One is quick to point up, to be sure, that writers exercise conscious control over their material. Nevertheless, literature works in the vein of dreams—through drama and concretion—and thus, like dreams, calls for interpretation. Both come from the same region of the mind.

So, instead of beginning with literature itself, I now begin with dreams. Of late I have begun the second class of the first semester (the first semester at Manhatten being devoted to prose fiction; the first class, to mechanics) by saying, "Let us begin with dreams." We then discuss what dreams are like, or what it is like to dream, and consider to some extent the function of dreams. But most important, I have my students write a story based on a dream—a dream, I instruct, that seems of some special significance. I also tell my students to write what they write as though they were actually dreaming: do not interpret your dream, but try only to capture its emotional flavor. There are always some students, of course, who protest that they don't dream, or at least that they don't remember their dreams. But the approach is especially suited to those very students, for it forces them to confront their resistance and makes vivid to them, as well as to the class at large through them, the nature of conceptual limitation. But if a student persists—and one or two always seem to—I suggest making something up, for I'll never know. And because what is written will be from and of the student in any event, it will touch the same core.

Most students, however, take to the assignment eagerly and produce rather stunning pieces of symbolic narrative, the best being, I suspect, those closest to actual dreams. When going over the exercise in class (I mimeograph a fair sampling, which we discuss both as dreams and as fiction), I stress both the narrative elements and the symbolic details, or the ideas of narration and symbolism. My point is that both are natural to the dreaming mind and as important to our thinking processes as is discursive analysis. And because most students realize that their dreams do mean something, they approach interpretations willingly. One can build on that.

But let me backtrack for a moment. Once the pieces are in my possession, I sort them as to type. For the majority fall into easily recognizable categories. There are dreams of flying and dreams of falling, with sub-categories involving success or failure (usually in connection with sports or school—e.g., the infamous vanishing-classroom-on-the-day-of-the-important-exam dream); there are always many dreams involving water—my favorite; there are chase dreams, in which the dreamer is being chased by a gorilla, say or by the Nazis; there are family dreams, which concern parents and siblings. Some dreams, too, combine several motifs at once. But very few do not fall into one or another of these categories, and most of those that do not seem more like daydreams than dreams.

At any rate, in class we begin by considering the types and their possible implications. There is no need, incidentally, to plunge the depths here; and such would no doubt be beyond the capacities of the class and of the teacher too. Dreams are many-leveled, to be sure, but for the purposes at hand one need cut only just below the surface. For one wishes only to dramatize the point that the actions and images of dreams *embody* non-substantial feelings, a point that one can readily draw out of the class itself. Take the first type—dreams of flying and falling. If one doesn't literally wish to fly or literally fear falling, what then, do

these images speak? Of the flying variety, one student last term said: "You wish to be on top of things." Exactly—one desires control over one's experience. The falling dreams speak the opposite, of a fear of loss of control. But students don't speak in language like this. So let me stay with actual response. Of the falling variety, one student made the acute observation that one "falls in love." That led us to a brief consideration of metaphor and thence to the feeling embodied in the symbol at hand, which led us to fear the loss of control.

Discussion of the other types can elicit the same kind of response. It is not difficult, for example, to draw from a class that water touches sexuality, or feelings thereof; that chase dreams portray fear of one's own impulses; and that dreams in which a sibling dies, say, express a certain degree of wish fulfillment (one points out, of course, that these feelings are universal and part of the growth process). And when students start to feel in themselves the aptness of such suggestions, they are ready for the business of literary interpretation.

We begin the next with a discussion of the pieces at hand as short fictions. But here let me present an example of each type. How they can be used to get at the processes of fiction and of interpretation should be relatively obvious; so I shall not protract this discussion with comment. Let me note, however, that what I stress are the symbolic possibilities of imagery and narrative line: the fog of the first piece, for example, or the skimming of the surface (which suggests fear) and thence the envelopment (which connotes desire) of the second; the projected desire of the dogs of the third, or the narrative transformations of the fourth, finally, the combination of motifs of the last. My intention, of course, is to lay the groundwork for subsequent treatment of various kinds of text. But to the pieces themselves.

Flying and Falling:

An Excursion
Pamela Parker

There is a swirling white fog around me. My body begins to feel strangely light and I begin to rise off the ground. Higher and higher I rise until I am above the fog. I continue to ascend slowly. The earth is quiet and sleepy below me. Everything is peaceful. The entire village is visible to me. Without any effort at all I can glide in any direction. It is astounding to find that I can control each little movement. This revelation frightens me and I begin to panic. Suddenly, I begin to fall. Faster and faster I come down, picking up speed along the way. I cry out for help, but there is no one around to hear. Everything remains silent. Amazingly, once again I am on the ground. I am safe. The white fog again enfolds me and obscures my view.

Water:

Summer Dream
William MacKenzie

Here I am sitting on the ocean. I can taste the salt not only with my mouth, but with my whole body. Looking towards the horizon, I can see a large swell of glass, a wall of water, moving closer. Lying prone now, I paddle away from it towards the shore. I can sense it is getting closer as my body strokes with more power and swiftness. A slight breeze brushes back my hair as my legs are lifted to the sky. For a split second I am staring down on this smooth, glistening surface. I try to stay in the air, but fall back. Then, with the grace of a ballerina and the agility of a cat, I am gliding down the face of this wave. The sensation is indescribable as I whip back up to the peak of the crest. But as I quickly drop down into the curl, I become aware of spray hitting me in the side of my face. Travelling at unbelievable speed, I suddenly realize my actual impotence, and I'm enveloped by the tube of this mighty wave. But it is all right. I hope that this glorious moment lasts forever.

The Chase:

No, I Won't
Gerald Vahey

It is very late at night. The darkness is all around. I can hear the dogs scampering and growling around me. I dare not move. They want to make me one of them. Yet I won't be one of them, those hungry dogs who have no feelings. They'd consume anything without a thought. The trees hover above, keeping out the moonlight, making what's below as black as the dogs' eyes. Hiding in the bush, I can see them, yet I am hidden. Thinking to myself, I say that I had better get out of here. As soon as there's a chance, I'll make a run for it. They can't be heard now, but they are there—they are always there. I make my dash, not turning back. I don't hear them. "Where are the dogs," I wonder. Have I really escaped them? Am I free?

The Family:

A Disappearance
Richard Margiasso

It is a gray, misty day with a dense fog hanging over the Throggs Neck Bridge. My sister and I are walking along the sea wall, down the road from our home. Our dog, Queenie, is with us. As we are moving on, Queenie suddenly jumps up on the sea wall and dives into the water. I am surprised because my dog always hated water. Feeling very nervous, I begin to scream at her to come to me. However, I can see that she can't make it back. With my heart pounding and my breath short, I jump into the water and start to swim after her. As I reach Queenie and am about to grab her, my friend comes swimming out of nowhere with an evil smirk on his face, and dunks my dog under the water. Feeling a mixture of fright and anger, I shove my friend away from her and begin paddling back to shore. Looking back at my so-called friend, I realize that he has vanished. Turning to look back at the shore, I see that my sister has also disappeared.

Combination of Motifs
(a feature, too, of several of the pieces above):

The Abyss
Stephen Maher

I hear the sound of water lapping against pilings. I must be on a wharf somewhere. It is very dark, and the air is sticky and oppressive. There is no sound except for the sea.

As I stand on this structure, I keep asking myself why it is so dark, so quiet. I stumble forward with uncertainty in an effort to feel out this place. I have no sense of direction. After a few minutes of probing, I can gather no inkling of this platform's boundaries. It seems devoid of edges.

Suddenly, the surface under me gives way. I stretch out my arms in desperation, but it's no use. My fall is rapid and terrifying. I scream out in protest, but my cries are swallowed up by the darkness.

As my descent continues, I realize that I am approaching the point where I will no longer hear the sound of the sea.

See **Dreaming . . .** *page 9*

THE FUNCTION OF NAMES in washington irving's "rip van winkle" and "the legend of sleepy hollow"

Steven Zachary Rothmel

Washington Irving's "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" have entertained generations of American children. Irving's obvious comic tone makes these short stories appear to be so deceptively simple that many mature readers are tempted to classify "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" as children's literature alone, but this would be a disservice to an able craftsman.

When we return to these stories as mature readers, we are initially impressed with their rich, smooth flowing sound. "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" appear to be like delightfully sweet and easy to digest desserts that have been painstakingly prepared for our pleasure. Irving leaves his reader with a pleasant, lingering aftertaste that usually produces a contented smile. With each rereading of these stories, we experience the sensual pleasure that is inherent in Irving's charming sound; but that contented smile quickly fades when an attempt is made to explain the ideas that the author is expressing through his fiction. It is easy and enjoyable to swallow "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," but the real difficulty arises when we try to digest and better understand these short stories.

Washington Irving makes the polished surface of these stories reflect a romanticized view of an early America, an ideal world that is rich in color and material goods but without real pain. Today there are few Americans who would not want to return to this mythical country. Perhaps the enduring popularity of these stories is due to Irving's skill in giving each reader the sense of rediscovering the original America.

Irving, like the early explorers of America, approaches his imaginary land by way of water. "Rip Van Winkle" begins with a description of the Kaatskill Mountains as seen from the Hudson River: "Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height and lording it over the surrounding country. . . ."[1]

"The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" also begins with a description of the land as seen from the Hudson River. "In the bosom of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, at the broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigators the Tappan Zee, and where they prudently shortened sail and implored the protection of St. Nicholas when they crossed, there lies a small market-town or rural port, which by some is called Greensburgh, but which is more generally and properly known by the name of Tarry Town. . . ." (p. 349).

The initial view of the landscape in both of these stories is the one that would be seen from a ship on the Hudson. Irving's skilled hand carefully guides his reader over the water on to the enchanted land where his stories are set without the slightest sensation of movement. The smooth journey through Irving's picturesque countryside suddenly becomes rough when we try to determine the purpose that underlies all that we are shown; what initially appears to be so bright and clear becomes opaque.

If we are to have a better understanding of "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," we must remember that they appeared in a collection of stories entitled *The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.* The title of this book exemplifies Washington Irving's fondness for suggestive names. It is not difficult to recognize the obvious connection between the fictitious author's last name, Crayon, which is used for drawing, and the sketch book. It is probable that Washington Irving meant the other names used within *The Sketch Book* to have a double purpose—to identify a character and also to give a clue to the story's intent.

The reason for Irving's choice of the name Winkle is not as readily apparent as that of Crayon. *The New Century Dictionary* in its definition of the word "winkle" offers a clue: "Any of various marine gastropods. . . ."

Irving has given his sluggish character the appropriate name of a sea snail, but this piece of information by itself does not illuminate the story. We must turn to the quotation that Irving has chosen to place above his introduction, "The Author's Account of Himself," in *The Sketch Book* for more insight into this story: "I am of this mind with Homer, that as the snaile that crept out of her shel was turned eftsoons into a toad, and thereby was forced to make a stoole to sit on; so the traveller that straggleth from his owne country is in a short time transformed into so monstrous a shape that he is faine to alter his mansion with his manners, and to live where he can, not where he would." Lyly's Euphues (p. 1).

Rip Van Winkle is the personification of the snail. We can see that he leaves his shell, his home. The physical change that he undergoes is his aging without having lived. If we examine what Irving has shown us, we will realize that this is not at base a funny children's story.

Rip Van Winkle is a spiritual stranger in his own country. He is a man without the proverbial zeal and the ambition that are necessary in building a new land. "The great error

in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tarton's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. . . ." (p. 30).

Mrs. Van Winkle's constant rebuking of her husband is Irving's method of showing that Rip's behavior is different from that of the other men in the community. Rip Van Winkle's values are not the same as those of the people around him. Before he takes that fateful walk into the mountains, Winkle has spiritually left the shell of the community and has been transformed into an oddity.

Irving purposely has the slothful Winkle associate the band of men he meets in the mountains with the hard-working settlers who first came to this region of the Hudson in order to demonstrate that he is also different from his ancestors: ". . . the whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlor of Dominic Van Shaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement." (p. 36).

Rip immediately senses the antipathy that these men have for him: "As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. . . ." (p. 37).

Irving is suggesting that the original settlers have risen from their graves in order to punish Rip Van Winkle for his waywardness. Winkle's punishment removes him from colonial life. When he wakes from his sleep, he has lost twenty years of his life and has been transformed into an old man. Irving makes it clear that Winkle has returned to life physically changed from when he left: ". . . at this critical moment a fresh comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which frightened at his looks, began to cry. 'Hush, Rip,' cried she, 'hush, you little fool, the old man won't hurt you. . . .' " (p. 43).

Rip Van Winkle has been robbed of the prime of his life because he does not share the same inherited, serious attitude toward labor that his community holds. Winkle is a non-productive member of a developing and prospering society that does not need him. Irving demonstrates that in the early development of America a man like Rip Van Winkle could only be accepted after he reached the age when productivity was no longer expected of him. At the end of this story, we are shown that Winkle has finally achieved the respect of his community, but only because of his old age: "Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times 'before the war'. . . ." (p. 45).

In "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," like "Rip Van Winkle," Irving's deft comic touch and charming characters make it difficult to see beneath the polished surface. Sleepy Hollow affects reader and resident in a similar manner: "It is remarkable that the visionary propensity I have mentioned is not confined to the native inhabitants of the valley; but it is unconsciously imbibed by everyone who resides there for a time. However wide awake they may have been before they entered that sleepy region, they are sure, in a little time, to inhale the witching influence of the air, and begin to grow imaginative, to dream dreams, and see apparitions." (p. 352).

Irving's "witching influence" also lulls his reader into an enjoyable acceptance of his Edenic view of this imaginary land; a close examination of this story will reveal that Irving is trying to show more than Ichabod Crane's humorous courtship of Katrina Van Tassel. We are given a glimpse beneath the surface of this story when Brom Bones, Crane's rival, is introduced: "Among these the most formidable was a burly, roaring, roystering blade, of the name of Abraham, or according to the Dutch abbreviation Brom Van Brunt, the hero of the country round, which rang with his feats of strength and hardihood. . . ." (p. 362).

"The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" would be as enjoyable without the knowledge that Brom is a shortened form of Abraham. Once again Washington Irving uses the names of his characters as more than simple identification. It is not a coincidence that both of Irving's major characters in this story are named from the *Bible*. The Biblical Abraham and Ichabod represent dissimilar periods in Hebrew history, just as Sleepy Hollow's Brom Bones and Ichabod Crane represent different stages in the evolution of America.

Ichabod Crane, like his Biblical counterpart, is a descendent of a once virtuous people. The Biblical Ichabod is associated with the loss of Israel's glory, the ark of God (First Samuel 4:19-22).

> And his daughter-in-law, Phineha's wife was with child, near to be delivered: and when she heard the tidings that the ark of God was taken, and that her husband and that her father-in-law were dead, she bowed herself and travailed; for her pains came upon her. And about the time of her death the women that stood by her said unto her, fear not; for thou has borne a son. But she answered not, neither did she regard it. And she named the child I-chabod, saying, the glory is departed from Israel; because the ark of God was taken, and because of her father-in-law and her husband. And she said, the glory is departed from Israel: For the ark of God is taken.

Irving purposely links his Ichabod with the blackest event in Puritan history, the witch trials. As his compulsive rereading of Cotton Mather's book on witchcraft shows, Ichabod inherited from his Puritan ancestors their self-tarnishing preoccupation with the supernatural. Unfortunately, he inherited none of that intellectual curiosity that balanced the Puritan's dark side and made them grow: ". . . he was, moreover, esteemed by the woman as a man of great erudition for he had read several books quite through, and was perfect master of Cotton Mather's history of New England witchcraft, in which by the way, he most firmly and potently believed." (p.356).

Ichabod Crane is depicted as a harsh and calculating pedagogue who clings to the worn remnants of past Puritan life. His limited knowledge of his ancestors is shown to be a detriment to his ambitions. Ichabod, unlike his rival, symbolizes the disappointments of the past.

Brom Bones symbolizes, as does Abraham, his Biblical counterpart, the promise of the future. Irving's description of Brom Bones exudes physical strength: ". . . he was

broad-shouldered and double-jointed with short curly black hair, and a bluff, but not unpleasant countenance, having a mingled air of fun and arrogance. . . ." (p. 362).

Irving's Abraham, unlike his wiry Ichabod, appears to have the virility that is necessary for the fulfillment of God's covenant (Genesis 12.2): ". . . and I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing. . . ."

If we view Sleepy Hollow as a microcosm of America, the struggle between Ichabod, a man rooted to the past, and Brom, a zestful man of the future, becomes a contest to see who will father the future generations of America—whose image will be impressed on the new land.

In Irving's story, Ichabod is driven from Sleepy Hollow. Katrina chooses Brom for her husband, and we are left with the feeling that the future of this enchanted region will be molded by strong, whole men—men like Brom Bones.

After the publication of "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," Washington Irving returned once more to his enchanted land in the short story "Sleepy Hollow" in an attempt to dispel the prelapsarian vision of this region (and America) that he had created.

> . . . I had beheld the last lingerings of the good old Dutch times in this once favored region. If anything were wanting to confirm this impression, it would be the intelligence which has just reached me, that a bank is about to be established in the aspiring little part just mentioned. The fate of the neighborhood is sealed. I see no hope of averting it. The golden mean is at an end. . . . How can I hope that even Sleepy Hollow can escape the general inundation? In a little while, I fear the slumber of ages will be at an end; the strum of the piano will succeed the hum of the spinning wheel; the trill of Italian opera to the nasal quaver of Ichabod Crane; and the antiquarian visitor to the Hollow, in the petulance of his disappointment, may pronounce all that I have recorded of that once favored region a fable.[2]

"Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" are fables; they describe fabulous happenings in an enchanted land. But these stories are more than fable. They are the vividly drawn pictures of a growing America, they are essential in any album of American literature. □

Footnotes

[1] Washington Irving, *The Sketch Book* (New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1954), p. 28; subsequent page references are to this edition.

[2] Washington Irving, "Wolfert's Roost and Miscellanies," *Complete Works of Washington Irving* (New York: Sproul, 1902), XIII, 33.

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THE PROCESS OF MATURATION in anaya's bless me, ultima

Grace Eckley

Antonio in Rudolfo Anaya's *Bless Me, Ultima* in typical adolescent fashion develops from innocence in a spring garden of delight to self-knowledge through a series of crises in religion, vocation, and home. In the fashion of youth, he views adult action undisguised by the noble intentions which adults proclaim; therefore his first "awakening with new knowledge" (27)[1] occurs after his witnessing the death of Lupito, who had killed the sheriff, and who is in turn gunned down by Antonio's father and others. He imagines Lupito's soul "doomed to wander the river bottom forever, a bloody mate to la Llorona" (26), and he knows that both his father and the devil smell of gunpowder and sulfur. The next day at church he succeeds in throwing a huge fellow called Horse and becomes a member of the gang (35). Ultima, the old woman called *bruja* by those who fear her and *la curandera* by those who respect her, aids him in another step toward manhood; when she acknowledges that the presence of the river not only speaks but also can be spoken to, his nightmares about the river cease (39).

But at home the cosmic dualities are represented in Antonio's parents; sun in father, moon in mother (25); the wild roar of the sea in the father, the quiet of the land in the mother (38); and the necessity which individual persons feel to chart their own destinies is dramatized in his search for unity between these opposites. In keeping with the name *Luna* the mother's people are quiet like the moon, by whose phases the first settlers and the present planters husband their crops; but the father's family, called *Marez,* were conquistadores, then vaqueros. Because the father and mother have bought a home on a rocky hillside at the edge of the llano and the father works on the highway, Antonio lives with knowledge of his father's shame and the scorn of his father's people.

At another level Antonio is the healthy agent through whose body Ultima works a cure. He therefore has intimate knowledge of mysterious powers and proves receptive to the Indian legend of the golden carp. The land was once under water, and the mythological cycles prophesy another cosmic destruction when the sins of the people

will weigh so heavily that the town will collapse beneath water, and the golden carp will come to rule again. Antonio's name assumes prophetic proportions: "Tony Marez arisen from the sea" (110). Such foreboding seems inevitable because sins are evident everywhere, as in acts of brutality against each other which his friends commit.

Among the adults, evil takes on even larger proportions. Ultima's cure of Uncle Lucas has required the construction of three clay dolls representing the women who cursed him. As one doll melts and sags in the sun, the older of the three Trementina sisters begins to sicken and die. Antonio has seen Ultima face the sign of the cross, and it is known that a witch cannot face the cross; however, her scapular, found beneath the dying girl's bed, seems to confirm her responsibility for the death, and the girl's father leads a deputation to punish her. The mother urges that the family flee, but Ultima casts a calculating glance at the father. "A man does not flee from the truth," she says (122).

On another day, Antonio takes part in a school play, visits a whore house while following his friend, and witnesses the friend's murder; all this culminates in the town's refusal to punish Tenorio because Narciso, whom he murdered, was the town drunk. Further, the limits of a loving Christian God are well represented in the local priest. Because the church fears the power of a witch, the priest refuses the Trementina daughter burial in the churchyard; and at the personal level, the priest punishes only Antonio's friend Florence (who does not believe in God) when both Florence and he have misbehaved. Like the young Stephen Dedalus of Joyce's *Portrait,* who suffers disillusionment with family, friends, church, and state, Antonio finds the principle of good everywhere ignored, defiled, and defeated. Florence himself declares that he, Florence, has not sinned against God, but God has sinned against him, an orphan, whose sisters are whores. Antonio therefore brings many questions to the Church:

> God! Why did Lupito die?
> Why do you allow the evil of the Tremantinas?
> Why did you allow Narciso to be murdered when he was doing good?
> Why do you punish Florence? Why doesn't he believe?
> Will the golden carp rule? (210)

The church's administration of holy communion, when one takes God in the mouth, provides no answers—not even the fleeting peace of a moment's meditation, and he turns away betrayed. Again, when the power of the priest has failed to exorcise a poltergeist, Ultima is called to work her magic; and, as if the Christian God is indeed dominated only by the human passion of jealousy, Florence drowns just as Antonio and Cico have decided to tell him the secret of the golden carp.

Antonio's nightmare now reflects many brutalities and controversies and concludes, "Everything I believed in was destroyed. A painful wrenching in my heart made me cry aloud, 'My God, My God, why have you forsaken me!' " (232-33).

His salvation comes, of course, from Ultima who has throughout explained human tragedy in terms of the human condition: "You must understand that when anybody, bruja or curandera, priest or sinner, tampers with the fate of a man that sometimes a chain of events is set into motion over which no one will have ultimate control" (80). As a child, Antonio early recognized three influences on him: "Ultima in her wisdom, my mother in her dream, and my father in his rebellion" (52). His vocation, he felt then, must be chosen between his mother's dream that he become her priest and his father's dream that he will ride the wild winds of the llano. But the level of understanding he finally reaches determines that he will be free of both, something like Conrad's Leggatt, cast loose upon strange shores, "a free man, a proud swimmer striking out for a new destiny."[2] As he leaves for a summer trip, he knows he will never again see his sisters as he does now, "in that beauty of early-morning, bright-sunlight again" (235).

For Antonio, the final meaning of Ultima is the spirit of goodness, and her final magic is her successful translation of her death into beauty and a sense of well-being for Antonio. At her death, Antonio speaks to his mother as a man and commands her what to do. He carries out Ultima's instructions for the westerly burial of her owl—killed by Tenorio—and for the disposition of her medicines and herbs at sunrise. As simple and individualistic as her understanding of good and evil, her final blessing does not invoke the Trinity (which with Antonio's knowledge would be an insult, anyway) and alters the philosophic triad of the good, the true, and the beautiful. She blesses him in the name of "all that is good and strong and beautiful" (247) and urges him to love life.

Ultima, then, in the nature and spirit sense, is an earth mother, and in another sense the great teacher. Of the importance of such a person, Sigmund Freud wrote that in the second half of childhood, a boy makes "discoveries which undermine his original high opinion of his father and which expedite his detachment from his first ideal."[3] At this time, says Freud—who lived in the day when teachers were schoolmasters—the teacher became the substitute father: "We confronted [the teacher] with the ambivalence that we had acquired in our own families and with its help we struggled with them as we had been in the habit of struggling with our fathers in the flesh."[4] John E. Horrocks, writing on "The Nature of Adolescence," has designated

> five points of reference [in Western culture] from which to view adolescent growth and development: (1) physical development and growth; (2) group relations become of major importance; (3) a time of seeking status as an individual; (4) intellectual expansion, development, and academic experience; (5) development and evaluation of values . . . adolescence is viewed as a period of adjustment to cultural demands; and of expectations as to commonalities of behavior and development, within which individual differences may also be expected.[5]

The reason I recite these forms of development here is that Antonio is not an adolescent; he is a child whose process of maturation in the pages of this novel has occurred between the ages of six and ten. By the age of six, Freud writes,

> The nature and quality of the human child's relations to people of his own and the opposite sex have already been laid down. . . . He may afterwards develop and transform them in certain directions, but he can no longer get rid of them. The people to whom he is in this way fixed are his parents and his brothers and sisters. All those whom he gets to know later become substitute figures for these first objects of his feelings.[6]

By the age of ten, Antonio has personally witnessed four deaths; has resolved the dualities represented by his mother and father, because he has realized that the waters of Marez and Luna are one in the great cosmos; has established his position with his gang and in his school, where his teachers do not speak Spanish—has integrated the community, so to speak; has visited a brothel, though he has not participated in its activities; and has decided that he will be neither his mother's priest nor his father's son.

Antonio stands at the close of the novel without Stephen Dedalus' enviable vocabulary and maturity but with having faced the same kinds of crises and experienced the same kinds of knowledge. Further, Stephen has denied Catholicism to become "a priest of the eternal imagination" and has declared his intention to be an artist. Of his faith, also, Antonio has realized that he cannot, like Hawthorne's Young Goodman Brown, "cling to her skirts and follow her to heaven." And, living with but not having faith in the Catholic religion, he has advanced beyond the level which Freud indicated as appropriate to the adolescent:

> Psychoanalysis has made us aware of the intimate connections between the father complex and the belief in God, and has taught us that the personal God is psychologically nothing other than a magnified father; it shows us every day how young people can lose their religious faith as soon as the father's authority collapses.[7]

Antonio Marez has moved beyond loss of faith to an integration of the various kinds of faith pressing upon him; the Catholicism of his parents, the Indian legends of his two friends, the folklore of Ultima. In fact, of the comparisons I have cited—Stephen Dedalus, Leggatt, Young Goodman Brown—all are around twenty.

Questioning why the novel gives the impression that Antonio is older, I remembered a conversation with Irish novelist Edna O'Brien in which she referred to children's declaration of independence at age twelve, then added, "That was in our day; I believe now they leave home at age seven."[8] Clearly, the sophistication of the present requires some adjustment downward of the common analyses of the adolescent, and it is the function of art to demonstrate these truths through its dramatic and symbolic content. Art must do this because the same people Freud cited as influential before the age of six—the child's parents, brothers, and sisters—are those who teach the child what not to say; children always know more than they express. It is important, then, that Anaya's simplicity of style accurately represents the thinking processes of a child of this age who *experiences* the Jungian and other profundities which adults *express*. I believe two factors are operating here: the advanced maturation of the child living in the twentieth century, and the skill with which Anaya projects the archetypes of the unconscious and the social analogues.

Another factor in Antonio's maturation is perhaps even more important; and that is that, because of his mixed background—which is typical of and unique with the Chicano—so many kinds of truth converge in him that, instead of being humiliated and defeated by his minority identity, his maturation is advanced. The novel shows the possibilities for the racially and culturally mixed persons who are able to profit from the many kinds of truth presented to them, and to offer more talents and understanding to society than do the racially and culturally pure.

Anaya has overcome the problem with much minority literature, a problem which Luis Valdez and Stan Steiner have cited in the introduction to *Aztlan,* that

> To his conqueror [the minority writer] is patently subhuman, uncivilized, backward, or culturally deprived. The poet in him flounders in a morass of lies and distortions about his conquered people. He loses his identity with mankind, and self-consciously struggles to regain his one-to-one relationship with human existence.[9]

In moving beyond this problem, Rudolfo Anaya in *Bless Me, Ultima* is able to speak, as Valdez and Steiner require of the artist, for collective Man and to write what they cite as the "task of all literature to present illuminating images of mankind."[10] □

Notes

[1] Page numbers in parentheses following quotations are from Rudolfo A. Anaya, *Bless Me, Ultima* (Berkeley, California: Quinto Sol, 1972).

[2] Joseph Conrad, "The Secret Sharer."

[3] Sigmund Freud, "Some Reflections on Schoolboy Psychology," *The Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud,* Vol. 13 (London: Hogarth, 1955). Excerpted in *The Young Man in American Literature,* ed. William Coyle (New York: Odyssey, 1969), p. 9.

[4] *Ibid.,* p. 10.

[5] John E. Horrocks, "The Nature of Adolescence," *The Young Man in American Literature,* pp. 5-6.

[6] Freud, p. 9.

[7] Freud, *The Future of an Illusion* (London: Hogarth, 1955), p. 133. Quoted in *The Rite of Becoming,* ed. Arthur and Hilda Waldhorn (Cleveland: World Publishing, 1966), p. 225.

[8] Taped interview, January 4, 1972.

[9] Luis Valdez and Stan Steiner, *Aztlan: An Anthology of Mexican American Literature* (New York: Vintage, 1972), p. xlii.

[10] *Ibid.*

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Dreaming . . . *continued from page 4*

After a discussion of a sampling of dreams like these, I ask my students to write a discursive paragraph on their pieces—to interpret them, in other words. Last term (when I initiated the method I have been describing fully), most did a remarkable job. But remarkable or not, the point came home: discourse and drama are different modes of the mind, and the latter calls upon the former for elucidation. One must distinguish between the two modes in order to sharpen the student's abilities with respect to each. But that we know. What is important here is the way of distinguishing. By distinguishing dramatically as well as discursively, one stands a better chance of developing the concepts that are lacking at the outset. Then one is in a good position to go on to the business at hand: to both the reading of literature and the writing about it. □

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FOLKLORE AND FAITH in anaya's bless me, ultima

Grace Eckley

In their introduction to *Aztlan: An Anthology of Mexican American Literature,* the editors Luis Valdez and Stan Steiner set forth a problem with many striving minority writers, that

> To his conqueror [the minority writer] is patently subhuman, uncivilized, backward, or culturally deprived. The poet in him flounders in a morass of lies and distortions about his conquered people. He loses his identity with mankind, and self-conciously struggles to regain his one-to-one relationship with human existence.[1]

It is nearly impossible, therefore, for him to achieve what Valdez and Steiner describe as "the task of all literature to present illuminating images of mankind.[2] Yet Rudolfo Anaya in *Bless Me, Ultima* rises to the threefold challenge for the minority novelist: (I) to speak for his people who value the work as biography, essay, education, or social protest, but not as art; (2) to speak for his people who are discovering their own beauty and the beauty of their culture, who can see the work as art; (3) and to speak for collective mankind who desire quality literature as art, independent of location and ethnic identities.

In *Bless Me, Ultima,* Anaya presents for the first level, in the person of Antonio, as many types of Chicano as one can expect to find in one person. At the second level, through the technique of presenting the novel through the minds of children between the ages of six and ten, Anaya explains facts and concepts as they are spoken to children or as children must work them out in their own minds. *La llorona,* for example, is "the old witch who cries along the river banks and seeks the blood of boys and men to drink!" (23);[3] and here folklore functions at the second level, where tales told for entertainment reveal the mythology and history of the race. The third level of universality can be best observed through the folklore and the accompanying crises in faith which confront Antonio and through his own process of maturation.

Antonio has three types of faith to synthesize; the legend of the Golden Carp from Mexican mythology; the magic of Ultima from folklore or superstition; and the religion of the Church, Catholicism. Also, in Antonio's blood flow two traditions and vocations: from his father, the name Marez connotes the wild blood of the sea and the Spanish conquistadores; when confined to land, these men make their living as vaqueros among the winds and wild freedom of the llano. His father experiences a further reduction; he works at highway repair with an aching sorrow because he cannot follow the highway west until it meets the sea. From his mother, a Luna, Antonio belongs to the family of priests who settled the valley and became planters; they are strange and quiet like the moon. His mother believes in the good earth and in his destiny as a priest. For their home, the parents have compromised, having bought a small piece of land perched on a rocky hillside, from which the father goes to work and the mother attempts to wrest a few plants. Outside the town, Antonio knows of "Jason's Indian," who is feared and avoided; in the town, when he goes to school, his teacher knows little Spanish and the strange foods he brings for lunch provoke rude comment.

But this is a novel without tirade; so many kinds of truth converge in Antonio that, rather than being deprived of the riches of life, he may well be the man of the future. And it is Ultima who focuses his mixed destiny. Only she knows where the placenta, at his birth, was buried—in valley or plain—while his parents continue to fight over his vocation as Luna or Marez. When she takes his hand, she conveys the whirling, throbbing powers of all nature common to the wild winds of the Marez and the seasons of the Lunas. At her touch, he says, "The four directions of the llano met in me, and the white sun shone on my soul" (10). The herbs she gathers for medicines, she explains, reveal his mixed heritage: "The Aztecas, Mayas, and even of those in the old, old country, the Moors" (39). But Antonio knows that the Christian God is so powerful that, when frightened by the fires which dance across the river or the swirling balls of dust, one need only "cross your right thumb over your first finger. . . . No evil can challenge that cross, and the swirling dust with the devil inside must turn away from you" (52). But here is a contradiction: "how could the blessing of Ultima [which is good] be like the whirlwind [which is evil]? Was the power of good and evil the same?" (52).

Her presence in Antonio's household causes him some embarrassment, for she is called both *bruja* (witch) and *la curandera* (healer); and greater minds than his have wrestled with the problem where superstitions and faith merge. The folklorist Alexander Krappe writes,

> certain sacraments such as communion and baptism, essentially magic in origin, are still regarded as such by many folk, and all the efforts of the Church to fill the old magical bottles with the new wine of an ethical doctrine and a higher conception of the deity have so far proved of little avail.[4]

Moses of the Old Testament was credited with all the learning of the Egyptians, which the Greeks distinguished as "white magic" and the "black art." A magician in the time of King Khufu (Cheops), approximately 3800 B.C., caused water twelve cubits deep to double back on itself to lay bare the river floor, a variation of the miracle wrought by Moses many years later.[5] The Church in the fifteenth

century study of witchcraft, *The Malleus Maleficarum,* abjured Catholics to believe in witchcraft or be accused of heresy and cited the many references in the Bible and from the saints.[6] Krappe remarks that so late and enlightened leaders like "John Wesley solemnly proclaimed that giving up the belief in witchcraft meant giving up the Bible" and adds that "it may be openly questioned whether, had Christianity deliberately suppressed this magical element. . . it would have succeeded at all in winning over the masses of the dying Empire."[7]

Only when the priest failed to exorcise *el encanto,* the curse, is Ultima called to prevent the death of Antonio's uncle Lucas who had seen three witches perform a Black Mass and had challenged them. In retaliation, they gathered clippings of his hair from their father's shop; and Ultima must employ her herbs and chants to make the nearly dead Lucas vomit green bile and a huge ball of hair, which must be burned by the tree where the witches danced. Before working her cure, she makes three clay dolls covered with flesh-colored wax, which she sticks with pins. She hereby practices sympathetic magic which Sir James G. Frazer described in *The Golden Bough,* and which, as Krappe explains, "assumes the continuance of a relationship that has in fact ceased; [because] hair and nails formed once a part of the body and they still do so, and any action exercised upon them would react upon [the body]."[8] *The Malleus Maleficarum* recognized the universality of *envoutement,* whereby a person sickens and dies as the wax image of him is destroyed.[9]

As the summer advances, Antonio observes that one of Ultima's three clay dolls has begun to sag and droop, and she gives him her scapular to protect him from evil. When her scapular is found beneath the bed of the dying Trementina daughter, Tenorio Trementina accuses Ultima and arrives with a deputation of neighbors who come by a "law by custom" which decrees that a proven witch must be punished.

> The men all held hastily made crosses of green juniper and pinion branches. The light of the torches danced off crosses of pins and needles . . . on their coats and shirts. One man had even run needles through the skin of his lower lip so that no curse might enter him. Blood trickled down his lip and dropped from his chin (124).

Narciso, a family friend, proposes a test: "Take the holy needles and pin them to the door. Put them in so that they are crossed—and in the name of God! . . . You all know that a witch cannot walk through a door so marked by the sign of Christ!" (126). Just as Ultima approaches the door above which the needles are so placed, her owl attacks Trementina and strikes out one of his eyes. With this diversion, she walks outdoors; and apparently the evil Trementina is repudiated. As they depart, Antonio lifts from the ground two fallen needles with the realization he will never know the truth.

The ancient symbol of the Cross, dating before Christianity, represented the intersection of two planes of existence—the vertical or spiritual, and the horizontal or physical; and in Dracula movies it rightfully repels the vampire who belongs to one world by day and the other by night. Also, the practices of the faithful may be used for nefarious purposes by those who reverse Christian procedures, such as saying the Lord's Prayer backwards.

When Tenorio's daughter dies, the community knows a *bruja* "cannot be buried in a casket made of pine or pinon or cedar." Her funeral ceremony is described:

> They will burn sulfur instead of holy incense. They will sing and dance around her coffin, pulling at their hair and flesh. They will slay a rooster and spread his blood on their dead sister . . . for the devil . . . so that the devil himself will come and sleep with the corpse before it is buried (132).

The entire village watches as the casket of cottonwood branches moves up the street where the priest refuses burial in the churchyard.

Antonio's questioning of Christian logic began when he watched his father and others gun down a man called Lupito. Did they commit a mortal sin? It continues with the evil of the Trementinas, of whom the father Tenorio, enraged as his second daughter begins to die, kills Antonio's old friend Narciso for siding with Ultima; but the community refuses to punish Tenorio because Narciso was the town drunk. As Antonio prepares for his first holy communion, he argues religion with his friend Florence, whose mother died when he was three, whose father died a drunk, and whose sisters are whores. Florence protests that he has not sinned, but God has sinned against him, and that "If you don't believe in God then there is no hell to go to" (187). Of the paradisal Garden, he exclaims, "Bullshit we sinned . . . old Eve sinned! But why should we have to suffer because she broke the rules, huh?" (189). Antonio expects that taking God in his mouth will work magic—the resolution of all disturbing questions—and in his concentration and disappointment holds up the moving line of communicants. "Dumb ass!" his friend Ernie whispers. Bones gags when the host sticks to the roof of his mouth; returned to his seat, he whispers, "Damn! I nearly choked!" But Antonio knows, "The God I so eagerly sought was not there, and the understanding I thought to gain was not there" (212).

The next appeal to Ultima comes from Tellez, whose account of evils at his home suggests a poltergeist. The priest refuses to come there again; "He says no evil can withstand the blessing by holy water, and so we must be making up stories" (215). She immediately identifies the problem:

> The curse was put on a bulto, a ghost . . . many years ago three Comanche Indians raided the flocks of one man, and this man was the grandfather of Tellez. Tellez gathered the other Mexicans around him and they hanged the three Indians. They left the bodies strung on a tree; they did not bury them according to their custom. . . . The brujas who laid the curse knew this, so instead of placing the curse on a member of the family and taking the chance of getting caught, they simply awakened the ghosts of the three Indians and forced them to do the wrong (216).

When the father queries, can they be stopped, Ultima replies simply and confidently, "All evil can be stopped" (216).

While Antonio cuts poles for the exorcism, according to her instructions, he talks to the tree and asks it for its medicines. The cedar posts form a platform, on which Ultima places bundles representing the Indians' bodies; and the entirety is burned. "It is a good way to return to the earth," she and Antonio's father agree as the bodies are consumed and the curse lifted (224).

Traces of Indian custom appear also in versions of the

cosmogonic myths or cycles which the Aztecs called "Suns." *The Annals of Quauhtitlan* relate that "Anonatiuh, the first Sun, ended with a flood and the transformation of living creatures into fish," while another version lists succeeding cycles as Suns of Water, of Winds, of Fire, and a fourth Sun of Famine; however, "Four Suns passed, and a fifth Sun, leading forward to a fifth eventual destruction, seems, most authorities agree, to represent the orthodox Mexican myth."[10]

At the time of this novel, which is set in the 1940's in New Mexico, only persons of a special sensitivity, such as Antonio, are permitted to hear a tale from Jason's Indian and to see the Golden Carp. According to the legend secretly confided by friends, the first people to come to the valley's virgin grasslands were blessed with its fruits but forbidden to eat the carp of its river. But then came forty years of the "sun-without-rain" and subsequent famine when people ate the carp. They would have been destroyed except for the intercession of one god who loved them and who turned them into carp. Now no one must eat the carp of the river because they are *the people*. But the one kind god asked to be turned into a carp also so that he could be near his people; and he is the huge, beautiful and golden carp which Antonio views with awe. He wonders, "If the golden carp was a god, who was the man on the cross? . . . Was my mother praying to the wrong God?" (75).

His friend Cico continues the tale. The succeeding peoples were as sinful as the former, and the Golden Carp sent them a prophecy that in the end "the sins of the people would weigh so heavily upon the land that the whole town would collapse and be swallowed by water" (110). Cico does not fear these consequences, because he announces the Golden Carp is his god, but Antonio ponders a frightening geographic fact: the town is surrounded by water—a series of river, creeks, lakes, and springs. Just as Cico and he decide to admit Florence to their secret because Florence needs at least one god, she dies in a swimming accident.

The remaining death for Antonio to experience is that of his mentor, Ultima; Tenorio learns that the owl is the spirit of Ultima, her soul; and when he kills the owl, she begins to die. With weakening strength, she tells Antonio that an old wise man taught her her life's work and gave her the owl as her "bond to the time and harmony of the universe." She says,

> My work was to do good. . . . I was to heal the sick and show them the path of goodness. But I was not to interfere with the destiny of any man. Those who wallow in evil and brujeria cannot understand this. They create a disharmony that in the end reaches out and destroys life. With the passing away of Tenorio and myself the meddling will be done with, harmony will be reconstituted. That is good. Bear him no ill will—I accept my death because I accepted to work for life. . . . (247).

Among Antonio's conflicting backgrounds, unity can be perceived because of at least two forces: (1) from Ultima, an understanding of the principle of good—which is sympathy for all people—and which may be utilized by the layman, the priest, or *la curandera;* (2) the Jungian collective unconscious, best evidenced by the dreams of Antonio. In dream he recognizes that the waters of the moon and the ocean—Luna and Marez—are one (113); and he dreams that the golden carp becomes a new sun in the heavens to shine "its good light upon a new earth" (168). These same primordial forces may be seen in Ultima while working her last cure: "The way she stood, the bright sash around her waist, and the two glossy braids falling over her shoulders made me feel that she had performed this ceremony in some distant past" (223). There are so many kinds of truth that her final blessing appropriately varies the good, the true, and the beautiful. Her last words are:

> I bless you in the name of all that is good and strong and beautiful, Antonio. Always have the strength to live. Love life, and if despair enters your heart, look for me in the evenings when the wind is gentle and the owls sing in the hills, I shall be with you. . . . (247). □

Notes

[1] Luis Valdez and Stan Steiner, *Aztlan: An Anthology of Mexican American Literature* (New York: Vintage, 1972), p. xiii.

[2] Valdez and Steiner, p. xiii.

[3] Page numbers in parentheses after quotations are from Rudolfo A. Anaya, *Bless Me, Ultima* (Berkeley: Quinto Sol, 1972).

[4] Alexander H. Krappe, *The Science of Folklore* (New York: Norton, 1964), p. 289.

[5] See E. A. Wallis Budge, *Egyptian Magic* (New York: Dover reprint, 1971, from London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner, 1901), pp. 1-24.

[6] Henrich Kramer and James Sprenger, *The Malleus Maleficarum,* tr. Montague Summers (New York: Dover, 1971 reprint from London: John Rodker, 1928).

[7] Krappe, p. 289.

[8] Krappe, pp. 287-288.

[9] Kramer and Sprenger, p. 13. See also Krappe, p. 293.

[10] Hartley Burr Alexander, *Mythology of All Races: Latin American,* vol. 11 (New York: Cooper Square Publishers, 1964), p. 94.

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1978 Conventions

Texas Joint Council of Teachers of English
San Antonio
February 3-4

Association for
Texas Language Arts Supervision
San Antonio
February 3

National Council of Teachers of English
Secondary School English Conference
Dallas
April 7-8

FINDING THE WAY to fort phantom hill

Jim W. Corder

The ruins of Fort Phantom Hill lie twelve miles to the northeast from Abilene. I had never been there before this morning, though I had erected the fort many times in my mind.

Construction of the fort was authorized in November, 1851, by General Order 91. Major-General Smith, commanding the 8th Military Department, which included Texas, thought he was establishing a fort on the Clear Fork of the Brazos to protect settlers on the upper Brazos and Trinity Rivers. The site, he was told, was "alive with deer, turkey, and bear." Truth was, the area lacked timber for construction, and water for the fort's troops had to be hauled from four miles or so away. The fort took its name from a nervous sentry. On night duty during the first encampment, he fired at what he testified later was "an Indian on the hill." When no trace of the marauder could be found, the others concluded that it was a phantom—a phantom on the hill, hence Fort Phantom Hill. It's a grand name, full of wonder and romance, a name that might have resonated with sounds of heroism under desperate circumstances, a name scarcely matched by John Ford, or John Wayne, or the makers of a hundred cavalry fictions.

The fort, as it turned out, was not equal to the romance of its name. Not quite three years after it was established, it was abandoned, in April, 1854.

I had built Fort Phantom Hill long since from the lumber of a hundred movies, five hundred western fictions, and God knows how many cavalry stories, and I had peopled it long since with such folk as filled the pages of *Beau Geste*. When you're a boy and you live in another world and you haven't yet learned that war is wicked and ugly and that most of the games men play, in uniform and out, are at best foolish posturings, at worst forms of oppression—when you're a boy in such a world, I was about to say, a fort is a wondrous place where it's possible to be heroic.

Later, I learned about Fort Phantom Hill in other ways, in the words, written years later, of a lady who had lived at the fort as a girl. "The soldiers were soon in battle array," she wrote. "The whole tribe of Northern Comanches was coming in sight, the head chief Buffalo Hump in the lead, followed by his subordinates; then came the warriors, squaws, and papooses, 2500 in all. Seeing the preparation for their reception, it was too much for the noble red men and they passed on with scowls and angry looks, going in a westerly direction."

Later still, I learned more—or rather, I learned to accept less of what I thought I had learned. An historian, quoting the lady's account of Buffalo Hump's visit, suggested that for the sake of accuracy it would be a good idea "to divide the good old lady's 2500 by ten and subtract a hundred." He reckoned, in other words, that there could not have been more than about 100 or 150 in the Indian band, though to an old lady remembering what she thought she saw, it might well have seemed 2500.

And still later, I discovered that if there was heroism in this province, it didn't all belong to white people. On August 25, 1869, Major George Thomas and his cavalry troops came across a fresh Indian trail near Abilene. They followed it and finally sighted the Indians in the vicinity of the Double Mountains. The troops were clearly gaining on the Indians. One old Comanche warrior apparently decided that he was expendable. He dropped out of the Indian party, dismounted, and attacked the cavalry as they approached. Twice he wounded Major Thomas with his arrows. He wounded three troopers, all the while loudly berating the Long Knives. And then he died in the cavalry fire. But in the confusion of his delaying fire, his fellow warriors escaped.

Finally, I learned one more thing, which I've already mentioned. I had pictured Fort Phantom Hill in my mind along with the others—Fort Richardson, Fort Griffin, Fort Concho, and the rest—and had conceived them as if not permanent, at least durable, continuously present in the landscapes of fantasy where warfare might be noble and men might be brave. But then I learned that it was all a mistake: the army goofed and built the fort in the wrong place; there was no timber; there was no water; and the fort itself was only occupied for three years.

Perhaps you will understand, then, that when my wife and I drove 12 miles to the northeast and stood for a moment in the ruins of Fort Phantom Hill, I didn't know which Fort Phantom Hill to look at. I didn't know which Fort Phantom Hill was real. Was I to look at the fort of my old imagining and picture myself bravely at the ramparts? Was I to see the small, beleaguered, but noble band of troops in that old lady's fort? Was I to see Buffalo Hump's fort? Was I to see the sane and sober historian's fort? Was I only to see the small ruins of an old mistake? We stood there awhile this morning, and after a bit we came away.

It's hard to find Fort Phantom Hill.

Late last fall my wife and I went to open house at our daughter's high school. About midway in our visit, one of our daughter's former teachers, a woman whom we had known and appreciated, bounded up to us. I don't know how a high school English teacher manages to bound at all, much less during open house, but bound she did. She greeted us, hugged our daughter, then turned to me and said with great pleasure, "Oh, Professor Corder, we've

gone back to the basics in our classes." Then something caught her attention down the hall and she hugged Mindy again, patted my wife on the arm, told me "It's so good to get back to the basics," and bounded off again. I told my wife that I was going to have to go home and sit down. I didn't get to ask her what it was she was doing. She seemed to know. She knew where the basics were. She knew how to find them.

Many people seem to know what the basics are and where they are and what to do with them once they manage to take hold of them. The "Back-to-the-basics" movement is already non-controversial. It has been accepted. Many English teachers have already accepted it, as my bounding friend has. Perhaps some of us already felt uneasy. Perhaps some of us felt guilty. Perhaps we knew we weren't doing enough. At any rate, some of us have already accepted salvation. We announce that we have "gone back to the basics" in our classes. Newspapers and magazines and some of us talk about the movement as if it arose from a single scripture.

Yet the odd thing is that there are at least as many versions of the "Back-to-the-basics" movement as there are versions of Fort Phantom Hill. The various cries and campaigns for a return to the basics often have in common only a generalized dissatisfaction with the schools and a generalized dismay. One columnist in our local paper at home was alarmed chiefly because he felt the schools had added too many different kinds of courses. "Why do schools apparently feel absolutely compelled to inject into the classroom more than is expected or wanted?" he asked. "Who told the teachers and principals to teach more than reading, writing, math, government, history, science, English, Spanish, spelling and other such fundamental basic courses?" Another version of the movement is principally interested in abandoning the "social pass." In hearings before the House Public Education Committee in Austin last September, San Antonio Representative Al Brown's sub-committee "proposed a 'back to basics' program of reading, writing, and arithmetic in grades 1-5, with a child required to show competence in them before being promoted each year." Some of the public outcries originate mostly in concern about the way language is being handled. "The English language is dying because it is not being taught," one sad prophet cries. Others rail against what they call the "new brainlessness in public language" that grows on the corruption of TV talk and the bombast of public discourse, and they claim that public education is on a downward slide "from mediocrity into absolute illiteracy" ("Can't Anyone Here Speak English," *Time*, August 25, 1975). Gene Lyons, writing in *Harper's* last fall, concluded that our current literacy crisis is largely owing to English teachers who spend their energies doing research in minor literary problems instead of teaching students how to write. Still others rage for a return to the basics because they feel some kind of national shame at the decline in SAT scores. "The SAT decline," one editorialist at home writes, "has come in years when public spending for schools is at an all-time high. Teachers have record-high salaries, comparatively small classes, lots of special help. By all the usual arguments for educational spending, they should be getting better results."

And there are more versions yet of the "Back-to-the-Basics" movement, some of them curious and intriguing, and not strictly academic. At one of the Pasadena, California, special schools, the John Marshall Fundamental School, a writer in *Newsweek* reported ("Back to Basics in the School," October 21, 1974) a traditional school concerned chiefly with student appearance and behavior. A similar program in the Philadelphia school system was described in a story in the *Fort Worth Star Telegram* (October 11, 1976).

There are other versions of the movement, to be sure. You've heard the lectures, read the editorials, listened to the criticism, counted the charges that have been brought against you, against all of us. Sometimes, it seems there are more versions of the movement than we can learn to understand. First one thing is declared to be basic, then another, then another, and before long it is as hard to find the basic as it is to find the real Fort Phantom Hill. It's all the more amazing, then, that so many seem to know so clearly just what is basic. They know, and they come bounding up and tell us, "Oh, we've gone back to the basics in my class."

But I want you to hear all of what I can say. Many features and many hopes of the "Back-to-the-Basics" movement are right and good and fruitful. English teachers needed to be attacked. We have been fad-hunting, fad-loving, fad-ridden. We have trusted quick remedies and ready gimmicks. We have been lazy in our work. Sometimes we have been uninterested, undemanding, and acquiescent. Sometimes we have simply not bothered to learn enough. Sometimes we abandon our native sense. Almost anything foolish that you can think of has been done somewhere in an English class. At any rate, the movement has arisen from good motives and decent impulses. Advocates of the "Back-to-the-Basics" movement want good for students. I think we cannot doubt this.

We can, however, sometimes doubt their methods, their language, their certainty. For if there are many things right about the movement, there are also many things wrong.

One thing that is wrong with the movement to return to the basics is that there is still great confusion about just what the basics are, yet critics are telling us to return to the basics as if it were a simple process, easily done.

(I'll announce a digression here so that I can be deliberately foolish for a moment. I don't require a digression in order to be accidentally foolish—I manage that nicely a good part of the time. Many public speakers and writers seem perfectly assured that they know what the basics are. Suppose just for a moment that they are all wrong, that they are being entirely impractical. Let's us—silly, idealistic English teachers in our ivory towers—let's us be entirely practical and hardnosed for just a moment. If we did that, then we'd know what is basic. Then we'd know what to teach. We would know that the basic subjects are jargon, clichés, the truth-concealing language of advertising and public relations, the bombastic sham of political gobbledygook. If we were really practical and hardnosed, you see, we would know very well that is basic and we'd go straight to our classes and teach them how to use the languages of successful people. We'd teach them how to write the obfuscatory language of contracts, the jargon-ridden language of government, the mind-fogging language of professionals. And then they could be successful, too. Our newspaper at home recently printed this letter, written by a high school principal:

Our school's cross-graded, multi-ethnic, individualized learning program is designed to enchance the concept of an open-ended learning program with emphasis on a continuum of multi-ethnic, academically enriched learning using the identified intellectually gifted child as the agent or director of his own learning. Major emphasis is on cross-graded, multi-ethnic learning with the main objective being to learn respect for the uniqueness of a person.

Now that is basic and successful—and it doesn't have anywhere in it the sound of a genuine human voice. Here I trust, the digression ends.)

But I was saying: one thing that is wrong with the "Back-to-the Basics" movement is that there is still great confusion about just what the basics are, yet critics are telling us to return to the basics as if it were a simple process, easily done. But what is basic has not been determined, and returning to the basic is not simple.

Consider one example of the confusion at work in the movement. One of the early articles in the movement was "Back to Basics in the Schools," which appeared in *Newsweek* on October 21, 1974. Sometime when you have a moment go back to that article, read it closely, and notice the frequency of words like *discipline, rigor, crackdown, strictness, order,* and *control.* These words represent value and always appear in favorable contexts. Words like *openness, innovation,* and *permissiveness* invariably carry unfavorable connotations. The imagery of control and even repression dominates this particular article and some of the other documents of this movement. What I am suggesting is that in some few of the demands for a return to the basics one finds a retaliatory thrust, the older generation getting its own back for those terrible permissive times, the 1960's and early 1970's. This retaliatory thrust is clearly present in some of the arguments; but it is, I hope and trust, a minor motif in the movement.

There are other confusions and errors in the movement. Prevalent in the various speeches and articles, for example, is a kind of simple-minded assumption that once you get a hold on the basics, then it's no problem at all to teach them. Yet we all know that knowing what to teach does not give us the magic to know unerringly *how* to teach it. Finding and naming a given subject matter carries no guarantee; when we find the subject matter we do not necessarily find with it the strength or wisdom to transform a subject matter into power and capacity in the student. A basic is not a simple thing to teach.

And most of the people who are insisting upon a return to the basics have not faced what may already be a takeover of language by television. Reed Whittemore, writing in the February,1977, *Harpers,* asks what happens to literacy when customary standards of literacy are abandoned in favor of standards emerging from the imperatives of the moment. Television needs for people to think and talk disjointedly. As Whittemore points out, television uses a language that is distracted, disjointed, discontinuous. Our old sense of standards in language was based upon continuity and concentration. The proponents of the "Back-to-the-Basics" movement have not faced the complexities or consequences of television's domination of our language.

But beyond all other errors, it seems to me, what is most desperately wrong with the "Back-to-the-Basics" movement is that it is a single, narrow vision. We are not being told to return to the basics and unite the basics with the best new wisdom we own. We are not being told to return to the basics and transform them into new uses. We are being told only to return to the basics. We are too various and beautiful and impish for single visions. Even single visions that are compelling and lovely go haywire when they are accepted to the exclusion of all others. If your school, for example, chooses to promote self-expression in writing, that can be justified as encouraging students to know themselves and to speak themselves into existence. But an exclusive focus on self-expression in discourse begins to destroy the possibilities of more objective, referential discourse and to undermine the hope of using languate to persuade another.

I do not want to accept a single vision or our work. The prospect seems perilous to me, and sad. What happens to us when we accept single visions?

Must I learn to see Fort Phantom Hill in only one way? Must I see forever only the small and scattered ruins that we saw this morning? Must I give up seeing it as that old lady saw it, remembering her girlhood, when a company of troopers stood against the odds? Yet if I see it only her way, I surrender the power to see it as the historian sees it. Must I forget the dream fort I erected before I ever saw Fort Phantom Hill? Must I cease trying to learn to see it as Buffalo Hump saw it? I choose not to.

What happens to us if we simply accept the single vision and return to the basics? Must we forget what we have learned about linguistics and discard what we know about dialects? Must we say to scores of good men and women—James Moffett, Mina Shaughnessy, Richard Ohmann, Edward Corbett, and hosts of others who have brought us new learning and new wisdom—must we say to them, "Your work is of no account," and throw away their books? Must we abandon all that we have begun to learn from the rhetoricians, both the new rhetoricians, and those who ante-date even the basics? Must we scrap the best work of the new grammarians? Must we learn to see things in only one way? I choose not to.

Single visions have this to their great advantage: when people adopt them, they customarily do so with great zeal and enthusiasm. If we are not to share that zeal, if we are not to accept the single vision, then what are we to do? What remains for us? Do I have anything to declare?

Yes, as a matter of fact, I do.

First, I can declare that we must be full of many visions. There is much about me that might be corrected, but I don't have to give up any of my versions of Fort Phantom Hill. I can keep them all. I don't have to learn to look at the Fort in a single way. I treasure each way of looking; each way of looking teaches me something precious and dear. Remember, please, that we are complex, not simple. We are fearfully and wonderfully made; we are the marvelous works of God. We don't have to abandon everything else for one single view of the basics. Good is to be found in every version of the "Back-to-the-Basics" movement. Good is also to be found in much that we are already doing. Good is to be found in learning and practices quite outside the movement. Good is to be found in what we learn tomorrow, and the next day. We do not have to deny the future and declare that it has nothing to teach us. Don't let anything be lost on you. Ransack all human experience for its good. Hold many visions dear.

That brings me to the second thing I have to declare.

You have a defense against single visions, if you will use it. You have the power to search out, know, and use multiple visions, if you will use it.

Some time, somewhere, some place in our culture's history, a peculiar and unnecessary division occurred among us. Somehow, we decided that college teachers were not just teachers, but professors, and not just professors, but scholars. We learned to expect of them that they would not just teach. We learned to expect of them that they would study, that they would keep themselves engaged deeply in research, that they would on occasion publish the results of their work. College teachers are expected, at best, to be teaching scholars. Public school teachers, however, so the public expectation goes, are only teachers, not scholars. They are merely day-laborers in the educational vineyards.

This is a stupid, wasteful, and unnecessary division among us. We must all be teachers and scholars. You must be scholars. Unless we are all studying all of the time, we are failing. Unless we are all studying all of the time, we are subject to other people's versions of the truth. Unless we are all studying all of the time, we are subject to fads and quickly-changing currents. Any demagogue with a ready tongue, any columnist with a quick pen can rule our minds, unless we know better. Scholarship at its best gives us choices; when we have choices, we are free. When we can offer choices to others, and enable them to choose and to know that they are choosing, then we are teachers.

We do our work, or course, under obligation to some community. The same system that gives us the freedom to be free as scholars makes it possible for the community to exercise its choice and to determine what shall be taught. When the community has expressed its wish, we are under an obligation to honor it. But we are not under an obligation to forget our sense. We are personnally responsible. You are not under an obligation to perpetuate some view of life without exploring it and, through your scholarship, attempting to enlarge it. Bad ideas and single visions require civil and loving correction. "The gifts we possess," St. Paul says, "differ as they are allotted to us by God's grace, and must be exercised accordingly: the gift of inspired utterance, for example, in proportion to a man's faith; or the gift of administration, in administration. A teacher should employ his gift in teaching." Your teaching may have to reach beyond your classroom. Wherever your teaching goes—to your students, to each other—let it be informed by your scholarship. If our teaching is not informed by our scholarship, we are simply perpetuating habits. "A teacher," St. Paul said, "should employ his gift in teaching." That may mean, too, that you are obliged to help your supervisors know that you must have time for scholarship.

I urge you to think of yourselves as scholars, finally, because I believe that without scholarship we are victims and servants, subjects to whatever someone tells us, subjects to our own uninformed fancies. That fantasy fort I imagined as a boy is dear to me, but it is not Fort Phantom Hill. That old lady's remembrance of the place is sweet, to me, but it does not tell me the whole truth. I have to read the historian's account. I have to try to see it as Buffalo Hump saw it. I have to go and see the ruins. I have to keep looking. Fort Phantom Hill exists and has its identity in all of the versions of it that exist.

Whatever is basic cannot be determined by an article in *Newsweek* or *Time* or *Harper's* or the Abilene newspaper. Human existence is too diverse, too vari-colored, too complex for that. All versions of the basic have something in them that is sweet, necessary, and compelling, if we can disencumber ourselves of our own rigidities and the rigidities of narrow vision. Whatever is basic exists in every version of the basic. We must always be trying to find it. Fort Phantom Hill exists in an old lady's remembrance. It exists as a fort of the mind. It exists as a ruin. Whatever is basic exists in many versions, and you must always be searching for it. Sometimes you will find it in a classroom technique recollected from 1936. Sometimes you will find it in a pre-Christian rhetoric text. Sometimes you will find it in a song. Sometimes you will find it in a distinguished paper read at a professional meeting in San Antonio, or in a text to be published next year. You may find it in a poem or a prayer. You may find it tomorrow just twelve miles to the northeast from Abilene. □

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JH/MIDDLE SCHOOL ASSEMBLY formed within ncte

Teachers in junior high schools and middle schools now have an NCTE organization they may call their own—the Junior High/Middle School Assembly of NCTE. Its purpose, according to Membership Chairperson Nancy D. Broz, is to let jh/ms teachers "belong" and not be a displaced group who belong to neither the elementary nor the secondary organization. "Our primary concern," Ms. Broz continues, "is meeting the needs of the jh/ms teachers, sharing ideas, and communicating.

"The product of our organization is the *Idea Factory,* a teaching ideas and strategies magazine published four times a year. Editorship is rotated among members; each issue focuses on a single topic—creative dramatics, writing, survival, etc."

Having grown to more than 400 members since the organization was born at the 1975 Annual NCTE Convention in San Diego, the Assembly is large enough to sponsor the *Idea Factory* and conduct meetings and conferences as well.

For information, write to Ms. Broz at 7 Treaty Elms Lane, Haddonfield, NJ 08033.

RHETORICAL ANALYSIS and evaluation of literature

Frank L. Ryan

Prior to the planning and teaching of a course concerned with the application of rhetoric to literature I had on occasion wondered if students were influenced in their daily lives by the literary works I asked them to read. More specifically, I wondered if any of my former students, motivated in part by their reading, had deserted the army *(A Farewell to Arms),* faked a wound in war *(The Red Badge of Courage),* built a hut in the woods *(Walden),* or even sold their wives *(The Mayor of Casterbridge).* Of course I felt guilty about these thoughts because for years I had been a faithful servant to structural unity, the New Critics, Formalism, and had become as serious as Matthew Arnold in wanting everyone to see things whole. I respected the integrity of the work; I assured every class that a poem should not mean but be; I grew faint when a student committed the most abominable of all sins, the heresy of paraphrase. Perhaps if rhetoric had not been in almost complete disrepair I might have turned to it sooner as a cure for the gnawing feeling that in pushing Formalism and all the rest I was not doing my whole duty.

In general, rhetoric was being defined as a set of rather indelicate tricks by which a speaker violated the innocence of listeners. Politicians referred to an opponent's use of rhetoric in the same tones usually reserved for allusions to barbarians who bayonet children. Newspaper editors, with more condescension than knowledge, spoke sneeringly of a speaker's use of "mere" rhetoric. Texts with heroic titles like *The Function of Rhetoric* proved to be handbooks of grammar, an inaccuracy which did violence to a distinction which the Greek and Latin rhetoricians had laboriously produced. It was necessary, therefore, to turn to undefiled sources and though those fine modern rhetoricians, Kenneth Burke and Richard Weaver, were attractive I ended up with the simpler, more practical *Rhetoric* of Aristotle with a bit of Quintilian's *On the Training of an Orator* here and there.

From the beginning of the course and throughout its progress I was primarily concerned with the question, how does one get beyond the shock impact of some books? For example, how can one discuss a book like *Naked Lunch* objectively, without embarrassment, with students who for all their seeming liberalism are still under the influence of provincial education. I was convinced that rhetorical analysis and evaluation would face their severest tests when required to penetrate beyond the elements which produce the shock and reveal the pattern of persuasion of which these very elements may be a part. Therefore, I chose novels which would promote the shocked response and, in fact, had produced varying degrees of shock upon their publication: Ernest Hemingway—*A Farewell to Arms,* D. H. Lawrence—*Lady Chatterley's Lover,* George Orwell—*1984,* Anthony Burgess—*A Clockwork Orange,* William Burroughs—*Naked Lunch,* Leonard Cohen—*Beautiful Losers,* Erica Jong—*Fear of Flying,* and E. L. Doctorow—*The Book of Daniel.*

I encouraged the students to think of each work as propagandistic, to view *Lady Chatterly's Lover* as intensely propagandistic as Marx's *Communist Manifesto, A Farewell to Arms* no less a message against war than Thomas Paine's *Common Sense* is a message against monarchies, *Fear of Flying* no more a novel and no less a confession than Rosseau's *Confessions.* I wanted to show that literature was not only something to hang on a wall, so to speak, but a force which motivated and determined life. I wanted to prove, *systematically,* that authors wanted us not only to accept ideas but to act upon them, to cooperate with or rebel against parents, to prevent wars, to join a religious sect, to engage in sex with or without inhibitions.

But the method for analysis and evaluation had to be present. There had to be a method which would not only isolate the statements of ideas but simultaneously provide the means for determining whether or not the authors had made a coherent effort to persuade. Therefore, the method is crucial. When we speak of humanism we invariably refer to ideal behavioral patterns and goals but rarely refer to the methods by which patterns are established and goals are reached. The rhetorics of Aristotle and Quintilian are humanistic not merely because they recognize human responses and goals but also because they perceive that the methods by which these things are brought about are inherent in the human effort. In their attempts to persuade, people naturally, inevitably, turn to specific techinques and these techniques are to be found whenever and wherever men and women attempt to persuade whether the discourse is in the form of an essay, a poem, a novel, a drama, or indeed, a recipe for gingerbread. However, we did not use all of Aristotle's *Rhetoric* (a formidable task in itself) but, rather, what I thought to be the most applicable.

Aristotle's separation of the rhetorical situation into speaker, discourse, and listener provided several valuable features:

First, it provided for a similar separation in fiction of narrator, discourse, and reader. The identification of narrator as speaker made the narrative voice more vivid, one charged with ideas and attitudes. Thinking of the novel as discourse in the Aristotelian sense diminishes the distance between the work and the reader. The Formalist criticism concentrates upon the work itself but Aristotelian rhetoric stresses that the speaker shapes his discourse according to the nature of the listener, a theory which makes the listener (reader) a crucial part of the creative process

whether that process involves the writing of a speech or a novel.

Second, the separation permitted the reading of the novels in terms of the three directions which Aristotle sees as potential to any discourse: rhetorical *ethos* in which the speaker (narrator) attempts to persuade by an appeal to the goodness of his/her moral character; rhetorical *pathos* in which persuasion is accomplished through an appeal to the listener's emotions; rhetorical *logos* in which the speaker attempts to persuade through the impact on the reader of the arrangement, the coherence, of the discourse.

In addition, the students were asked to find examples of the following Aristotelian arguments: argument from cause and effect, argument from nature, argument from analogy, appeal to authority, the use of syllogisms or incomplete syllogisms (enthymemes) which classical rhetoric regarded as proper to rhetorical discourse, and definitions.

Students were also asked to search for rhetorical fallacies: argument to the man instead of to the issue, false analogy, begging the question, ignoring the question, generalizations, and incorrect syllogisms and enthymemes.

When individual students had isolated the major thesis of each novel, they were required to point out the rhetorical techniques by which the writer attempted to persuade and then to evaluate these attempts, that is, determine whether or not they were valid. The expression of the students' analysis and evaluation was of two kinds: (1) Classroom recitations and written quizzes in which the students isolated an idea and identified one rhetorical technique associated with it; and (2) weekly papers of approximately 250 to 300 words which were divided into three parts—the presentation of the idea, the identification of as many supporting rhetorical techniques as could be found, and finally an evaluation of the validity of the techniques.

We were able to compensate for whatever was lost in abandoning the Formalist approach by an emphasis on the rhetorical unity of the work. I emphasized that a literary work was a combination of a number of structures the foremost of which are the rhetorical, grammatical, metaphorical, and logical. While all of these contribute to the unity of the work, each has its unique unity and, therefore, its own aesthetic appeal. Obviously, a concentration on the rhetorical structure leads to an understanding of part of the work, though a substantial part to be sure. For example, once we agreed that the thesis of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* occurs at the very opening, our study of that novel was limited to a search for extensions of that thesis and the rhetoric used to persuade us to accept the entire argument. Or consider our reading of *A Farewell to Arms*. Aristotle distinguishes between three types of speeches, those delivered to legislative assemblies, those to the general public, those to a court of law. The first is concerned with a future condition to be established by the passage of laws; the second with a significant contemporary event; the third with a past event which is being defended. In *A Farewell to Arms* the narrator, Frederic Henry, is speaking of a past event, his involvement in World War I, and is attempting to defend his actions in that event. His brief defense contains at least one analogy and one enthymeme, and is unquestionably a fine example of rhetorical *ethos*. Rhetorical analysis may be relatively narrow, but it can bring into relief a surprising amount of significant detail.

Second, not all novels are novels, though their dust jackets would have them so. In rhetorical analysis students possessed a method which helped them in distinguishing between exposition and narration, or more specifically, between essays and novels. Here, too, I made what I hoped were fine distinctions based on both formal and referential characteristics. If voice is used as the differentia, a formal distinction can be made between those works in which there is a single speaker (novel, short story, essay) and those in which there are two or more speakers (drama, dramatic dialogue). Obviously, a distinction had to be made between the novel and the essay and this was made at the level of reference, a novel referring to action and an essay to ideas. Possibly this was the most interesting area of our studies for it led us to conclude that *Fear of Flying* is expository (an essay) rather than narrative (a novel), that *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is *possibly* expository rather than narrative, and that *Naked Lunch* is neither expository nor narrative but lyric, its major reference directed to emotion.

Third, our studies raised these interesting questions. Is not all discourse (including novels, poems, drama) rhetorical in purpose? Is it possible that all novels are *exemplums* in the medieval sense, designed to dramatize a truth, a moral, whose properties have become temporarily obscure to a community? In his claim that even the greatest of literary works is capable of being reduced to a maxim, is Kenneth Burke tersely suggesting the same thing? Aesthetics has forced us into a choice between literature as a source for unity (beauty) and, opposed to this, as a source for propaganda. Practically all of us have chosen the first, perhaps without considering the possibilities that the second is the one which we cherish deep within us and that it, too, when properly studied may have its own unity and beauty.

Finally, the students were sometimes able to objectify their analysis after their shock response to violence, sex, dope addiction, and other chilling elements. Regrettably, only a few of the seventy-five students were able to discuss *Beautiful Losers* objectively, that fine novel which so deeply and intricately explores the nature of sanctity. Only a few more could see in William Burroughs' use of sex in *Naked Lunch* a ferocious attack on dope addiction. However, most of them did persevere beyond the initial impact of the rest of the novels. They were able to see that the immorality of a novel was not found in the particular incidents or speeches but elsewhere. They perceived that the immorality resided in the writer. *"Vir bonus dicendi peritus,"* says Quintilian in quoting Marcus Cato. The orator is "a good man, skilled in speaking." *Fear of Flying* is an immoral book not because of its incidents or language, though they may be distasteful to many, but because Erica Jong, intent on persuading us to accept her ideas, abuses the very means by which persuasion is accomplished. Similarly, *1984* is a moral book not because of its incidents but because Orwell is the "good" man writing and using rhetoric properly. If the use of rhetoric produces a moral situation it behooves us to keep sharp the tools by which that occasion is analyzed and evaluated. □

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